

# THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,  
BY W. W. JACK.

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## Post's Corner.



[Written for the Lebanon Post]  
**CATHERINE.**

BY JOHN D. ARBON.

Sleep gentle girl, sweetly sleep,  
Thy dream of life is o'er;  
The tear that sorrow had thee weep,  
Shall dim thine eye no more.

Thou wert a flower of fairest hue,  
Which morning sun unch'd;  
Fresh on the drooping of early dew,  
That glitter on the rose.

But now, alas! the bitter frost  
Of death, has nipp'd thy bloom;  
The flower has felt a chilling blast,  
And withers in the tomb.

But now the smile of early years,  
That made thee known to all;  
Is remembered but with bitter tears,  
And sorrow for thine early fall.

Sleep gentle girl, sweetly sleep,  
Thy dream of life is o'er;  
The tear that sorrow had thee weep,  
Shall dim thine eye no more.  
St. Mar, College, Sept. 18, 1853.

## Original Tale.

### AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

Let us turn again to the castle Fitzgerald. Two days after the meeting of Alice and Ruthgard, which was overlooked by the jester, is the time the attention of the reader is directed thither. Once more do we see the burly form of the monk, or rather Bernard, the renowned chief of the bandits of the mountain, in that disguise. He had come for the ostensible purpose of soliciting aid for his pretended convent, but the reader may perhaps conjecture some other motive.

'Twas night, when stars assume their sway, and murky darkness spreads athwart the earth, and busy nature lulls herself to calm repose. Over-heated with wine, Lord Reginald sought the cooling night-air to cool his brow. With an uneven step and clouded mind, he wended his way to a bower in his garden, where he stretched himself upon an artificial embankment. He had reclined thus in a half-unconscious state, but a short time, when he heard voices approaching. Of this he took no notice, but remained perfectly quiet. At length the speakers stopped on the other side of the lattice work and sat upon a seat which stood there. A deep voice, which might at once have been recognized as that of the disguised robber, asked:

"Think you that we are entirely alone, sir jester?"

"Oh yes, good monk, we are," replied the other, "the drunken Lord now lies snoring in bed, from the effects of an overdose of wine; and the rest of the household are in their respective quarters."

"Well, you said that you had discovered the daily haunt of this young Lord Ruthgard."

"At mention of the name of his son, the old lord became all attention."

"Yes," replied the jester, "And more: There meets him there a lovely young damsel, dainty, whose beauty would make thee throw off thy holy garb."

"Ah, sayest thou so? I half suspected this. Whilst in the castle DeLacey, I discovered that the fair Alice was dreadfully smitten with thy young master, but knew not that her love was requited; for they had met but once. By the grave of Shinderhannes, these two will bring a handsome ransom."

"Alice DeLacey? why this is above my calculations. I thought her some low-born damsel, whose charms had smitten my young master, and who hoped to keep it a secret from his fiery old father. But I see it all now. The two houses have been at variance, for some time, you know, and this is the cause or their secret meetings."

"Just so. It is at the old ruined tower, beyond the castle of DeLacey. I have four men near here, and with them I will station myself in the tower ready for action. When they are in my possession, I will secrete them in the 'northern cavern,' until the ransom is extorted for them."

"You will not then, take them to 'the Fox's Hole in the—'"

"Hold! man, knowest thou not that it is death, to breathe that name in open air. It has been decreed that he who reveals our retreat, even to the winds of heaven, shall die."

"I knew it not, noble Cap—good sir Monk excuse me," stammered forth the affrighted jester.

"Well, be more cautious in future. Tomorrow, remember, and be vigilant; dost hear?"

"Yes good sir monk."

"Now I will to my couch, for I must

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NO. 15.

le stirring with the dawn. Proceed me, Thou knowest these paths better than I."

When the sound of their footsteps had died away in the distance, Lord Reginald raised himself up and said aloud:

"Well, we must see to this. By the blood of my sires, methought yon burly form and keen eye was not fitted for priestly robes. So I have the infamously famous robber Bernard under my roof-tree. Sdeath! were it not for the rules of hospitality, I would bind him hand and foot this night, and rid the world of such a pest. I'll put this milk-shop Lord DeLacey to the test on to-morrow, and see whether there be any fight in him. If he fights not for his comely daughter, he deserves to have his knightly spurs stripped from him. Ruthgard loves the wench, too; I presume Hugh DeLacey would as soon she'd wed a wolf, as a scion of my house. But, Ruthgard shall have her, if it only be to annoy Lord Hugh."

Thus soliloquising he proceeded to the castle; where he was soon in the embrace of the sleepy god.

On the morrow, complaining of feeling ill, Lord Reginald declined partaking of the chase on that day; but insisted on it going on, as though he were present. He, however, detained Johnson, the man whose child it was Ruthgard had saved from the flames, and who, together with his family, had been incorporated in the household of the castle. As they were preparing to leave, Reginald said to his son:

"As thou art to take my place, Ruthgard, buckle on thy sword; for I have a fancy to see thee thus equipped."

Ruthgard did as desired, and in a few moments the hunters were cantering gaily away. The old lord then took Johnson aside, and informed him why he had detained him, and told him that he could now in part repay the deep debt of gratitude which he owed to Ruthgard. The man was profuse in his thanks and expressed his willingness to do his utmost. Ordering their horses, the two set out for DeLacey Castle. When they reached the wood near by it they dismounted and fastened their horses; and watched the castle. Presently they saw the form of Alice emerging therefrom, and trip gaily towards the tower. "Waiting until she had gotten out of sight, they bestrode their animals once more, and made their way up the shaded avenue. When they reached the castle, they alighted and Reginald strode up the steps into the hall or passage, here he met a servant, of whom he demanded an audience with his master. The man returned and conducted him to the library, and desired him to enter.

Lord Hugh was seated at a table writing, and hearing some one enter, looked up and to his surprise beheld one whom he had ever esteemed as an enemy stand before him. Surprise soon gave place to true courtesy, and he desired him to be seated. Reginald abruptly entered upon the object of his visit:

"Hugh DeLacey, your comely daughter is in the habit of daily visiting the ruined tower. Is it not so?"

"It is the case, I believe," replied Lord Hugh, whilst the thought that the powerful old lord had discovered the secret of the lovers, and had come expressly to have an open rupture with him about it, flashed upon his mind.

"She there meets Ruthgard Fitzgerald, my son. The sudden pangs which o'er-spread the countenance of Lord Hugh, as he imagined he saw the wreck of his daughter's happiness in those few words, completely missed Lord Reginald. "But we will speak of this another time; something more pressing must engage our attention at present. Bernard, the bandit chief, with five of his gang are now in your tower ready to spirit her away. Will you assist me to prevent them?"

"Will I?" cried Lord Hugh, "hers is my hand, Reginald Fitzgerald, let all animosity forever cease between us. But, good heavens! we lose time. My dear daughter may ere this, be struggling in the grasp of that incarnate fiend. Let's away. Yet hold, I will to mine armour, and buckle on the armour, with which I have served my country, and which I have vowed should hang rusting on the wall, ere it should be used in an unrighteous cause."

Reginald stood, with arms folded, eyeing the distressed lord whilst he was speaking, nor took the proffered hand extended to him. Lord Hugh had sunk still lower in his estimation, by this offer of friendship; and with curling lip he said: "I am as deeply interested in this rescue as thou art,—may more for it is at my son, that their aim is directed at, your daughter is but a secondary consideration. Therefore, no more talk, but away, and after arming yourself, chase two or three of your most trusty varieties, and let's hasten to the tower."

Lord Hugh hastened away, not giving any answer to this rough, uncourteous language. After remaining some moments he returned and announced himself ready. Whilst the six men are proceeding cautiously on foot towards the tower; we will precede them there, and examine how things are situated.

Alice sat at her favorite spot under the oak, engaged in sweet meditations. Presently she heard a well-known tread

upon the yielding turf. It was not long ere she descried a beloved form emerging from the underbrush. Beppo, too, recognized a friend, for he bounded joyously forward to meet him, and frisked and capered around until he reached his mistress' feet. Here Ruthgard threw himself at Alice's feet, and looking lovingly up into her answering eyes, he said:

"Dearest, I was near leading an unhappy day to-day."

"How? my own Ruthgard," asked Alice, as a shade of sadness passed over her lovely face.

"Why, dearest, in not being in thy sweet presence. My sire, complaining of illness, requested me to take his place in the chase, and methought it would be impossible to steal away from the men unperceived; but fortune befriended me, and I am here. But ere long, I must away, for I would not that prying eyes might seek me here."

"What is the matter with Beppo?" said Alice in alarm. "He certainly hears some one approaching."

Ruthgard listened for a second, and springing to his feet drew his sword, as he perceived five men coming swiftly towards them from behind the tower, led on by a sixth, whose enormous bulk made the others appear as pigmies in comparison. He also recognized the jester in their midst, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a demonic expression, which he could not understand. If he had any doubts of their friendly intentions, they were quickly strengthened by the exclamation of the burly stranger:

"Hart not a hair of their heads, he who does but draw a drop of their blood shall die. Secure yon youngster with a toast-stick; and bind and gag him, the damsel, leave to me."

Three of the men approached Ruthgard; who mentally exclaimed:

"Now my noble sire, I thank thee, for forcing me to put on this godly weapon. Yon burly dogs shall feel its maiden edge or I am no Fitzgerald."

As the three approached him he sprang quickly forward and pierced the foremost one and immediately attempted to regain his position beside the now fainting Alice, but the other two sprang upon him, and bore him, struggling to the ground. In the meantime, the one he had perforated lay groaning and weltering in his blood where he had fallen. Bernard walked briskly up to Alice, and bound her scarf across her mouth, and was in the act of raising her fairy form in his burly arms, when the crack of a pistol and the whistling of a bullet past his head, arrested his attention.

(To be continued.)

## Communicated.

For the Post.

MR. EDITOR:—It's been a long time since I writ you anything for your paper; so I thought as how, as the evening's went long enough for the fellows to come round courtin' me an' cis, and it were too early to go to bed at candle lite, I'd write you a piece, to make your paper, if possible more interestin'. Now, I don't want you to go and change my writin', I want it to be printed just as I writ it; and I don't want you to make as many mistakes in my writin' as you do in that long-winded tail of your'n; so I don't.

There has been a heap of funny things goin' on since I writ you a piece, more specially in a month or so back, but I don't intend to write about them. In the first place, I want to know what you printed only a half a paper for last week; and what you went and spilled that for by puttin' in that piece for Culter. I'm rite after Culter, so I am.

A party piece of exclusiveness, he is to be sure. As if a body couldn't ask him a civil question, about where he's going, where he's been, and what he done so-and-so for. He says many naughty things about *idle curiosity*, and I'll bet my new calico gown, that he's as full of it as a hog is of fleas. I won't heed a preacher describin' all sorts of rascality, and he done it so well, that I see I to myself, "that man's a bigascal, he noes so much about it;" and shore enuff, he was sent to the penitentiary six months afterwards for stealin' a horse.

How I do hate to see people puttin' on airs; it makes me feel fustish, like. He bugs hard not to have his 'tender feelin's' hurt; I wouldn't be surprized if he was tender all over, and the very tenderest place was rite under his hat. I do wonder what he means by going to—

sakes alive wonder if its the bad place the preachers talk about so much? Well, if he does chose to go there, it ain't any of my business, as he sez. It's a puffy, tho', to see such a *promisin'* young man, on the road to ruin. But sakes alive, maybe he's an old one, who knows? I wonder when he's goin' to start? I wonder if his debts are paid; and I wonder if he'll leave a wife and family to deplore his untimely end? I intend to cum to town shortly, to see them fine goods at Wash-on, you writ about, last week; and then I'm coming rite to see you, and ask you all about him.

ELIZA JANE.

P. S. Some people says that a woman can't rite any thing without a postscript, so I won't put any to this. I want you to

put all the stops in their places, in my letters.

P. P. S. Well, I declare if I aint went and put a postscript to my letter after all.

[For the Post.]

MR. EDITOR:—I published an article in your paper of the 10th of August last, in which I stated that one Samuel Kimberlin had committed a robbery. I was much surprized, on the reception of your paper of the 14th of September, to notice an article from one Samuel Kimberlin, (Sr.), speaking in no very gentle terms of me for writing the article, and affirming that he was not the man that done the deed. Now, my object in again appearing in print, is to place myself in a right light in the community, as to the Samuel Kimberlin I published. This man is a young man, and I have since learned that he has a middle name; this I did not know at the time I wrote the article, or I would have put it in. I am very sorry that I should have been unconsciously the cause of trouble and annoyance to an innocent person; and I do hope that this explanation may be entirely satisfactory to the gentl-mn. As for my name, the knowledge of which he seems to desire so much, he will find by perusing this article, is

P. BURNS.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Harrodsburg Plow Boy.

To the Voters of Mercer and Anderson Counties.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Having recovered my health (though not my strength), from a severe attack of illness, I deem this a fit opportunity to return my thanks to the voters who gave me their suffrages for the office of Senator under the unfavorable circumstances attending the election. I was late in coming out; I had my courts to attend to afterwards, subsequent to which I was taken down sick; all of which prevented my canvassing either of the counties except in a very imperfect manner. Besides, I used no corrupting means whatever to procure votes; and corrupt means and influences, I am convinced, were used to a great extent against me. It is time this practice should be broken up; but I do not think ever will be, until the perpetrator is made responsible to the party aggrieved. I should like to have things relating to elections in which I am interested, always placed in that position. It might not only protect private rights, but it might prevent those selections in which the people take no pride after making them, as they are made without the discernment or judgment of the people being called into exercise. I believe, notwithstanding the result of the election, that I had the right feeling, principles and judgment of the district in my favor, if time and circumstances had permitted them to operate.

Respectfully,

J. HASKINS.

Harrodsburg, Aug. 22, 1853.

## Receipts.

RAT DESTROYER.—Heat hogs lard in a bottle plunged in water, to a temperature of about 150 degrees, and to every pound of lard, add half an ounce of phosphorus and a pint of whiskey; Cork the bottle well and shake until the phosphorus is thoroughly mixed with the lard, forming a milky looking liquid; This mixture, on cooling, makes a white compound of lard and phosphorus, [after pouring off the whiskey which rises to the surface,] to which add a few drops of oil of anise or oil of rhodium, and flour or cornmeal enough mixed with it to make a dough, which should be formed into small rolls, and laid in the rat-holes. By its luminous appearance in the dark, and its agreeable flavor, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. The rats continue to eat it as long as it is offered them, without being deterred by the fate of their fellows, as is the case with ratbane.

We have tried this recipe, and have found it to be effectual, old rogues, patriars of the flock being caught by it, that for years had turned up their noses at arsenic, traps and all other bait offered them. The lard should be heated to about the temperature of melted wax.

WORTH TRYING.—Sweet oil is said to be one of the most effective weapons that can be used against bed-bugs. To drive these midnight depredators from your bed all that is necessary is to take a feather and oil the joints and crevices well. After remaining several days; by rubbing it off with a wooden cloth, it will give bedsteads a handsome appearance, and prevent any further visits for a long time.

DRIED TOMATOES.—Take ripe tomatoes and scald them in the usual way and strip off the skins, or mash and squeeze them through a sieve, then stew the pulp slowly so as to evaporate as much as possible without burning, then spread it on plates and dry it in a slow oven or hot sun. When wanted for use, you have only to soak it soft and cook a few minutes and serve it up just as you would tomatoes stewed fresh from the garden.

A BETTER WAY.—We this spring saw some excellent tomatoes prepared by le-

ing well cooked over a fire, after being peeled and poured while hot into tin cans holding about a quart, which are immediately soldered. They are thus prepared without salt or spices, but these are added when the cans are opened and the contents warmed over. They will last for more than a year when tightly soldered up.

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

## ARRIVAL OF THE ARCTIC.

New York, Sept. 19.

The steamer Arctic, with advices from Liverpool to the 7th, arrived last night.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

The cotton market was dull and prices unsettled.

At Manchester trade is quiet, and prices of goods and yarns, especially the latter, were tending downward.

Trade in India and China are generally stagnant.

Owing to the fine weather, and the efforts making in France to put down the prices in breadstuffs, causing a decline there, and re-sales at Liverpool of parcels bought on French account, prices at Liverpool were irregular, and Wheat had declined 4d, and flour is since the sailing of the Niagara.

Corn was in moderate demand; and but little variation in prices.

Beef and pork were very quiet.

In tallow, bacon sides and shoulders, there was less doing, but prices were not lower. McHenry quotes lard 1s lower and dull.

At Havre, the cotton market was quiet.

The accounts from the harvest in England were more favorable.

## ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA.

New York, Sept. 22.

She brings 135 passengers and Liverpool dates to the 10th.

The Turkish question is undecided.

It is rumored at Paris, that the Czar will refuse the acceptance of the Turkish modification at the Vienna note. The fact that Russia hesitates to telegraph her reply, has awakened new anxiety, and depressed both the British and French funds.

The French Government denies buying up breadstuffs, but it is notorious how, ever, than is has bought immensely.

France is quiet.

The Roman Territories are uneasy in consequence of the scarcity of food.

English papers reprint from the American journals Lord John Russell's Manifesto to the "Tripartite quarter of Cuba." The document is a surprise to the British public.

There is nothing decisive on the Turkish question. The Czar's reply could not arrive by Courier for some days.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur publishes an announcement that the Government is not buying up corn. This is a most extraordinary statement, as it is notorious that she has purchased immense quantities.

All is quiet in France except some insignificant bread riots at Bois Le Duc, &c.

The Emperor is still at Dieppe.

Navigation dues are repealed until December, on vessels passing over French rivers or canals with corn.

It was rumored at Paris, on the authority of the Russian Embassy, that the Czar will refuse to accept the modification, emanating directly from the Sublime Porte.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20.

Considerable alarm is felt in the vicinity of South street wharf, owing to a large number of cases of yellow fever.

They are generally of a mild type, and yield to a proper medical treatment. It was at first thought that the disease was brought here by the barque Mandarin, but is now believed to be caused by a sewer, the filth from which accumulates in the docks, owing to a strong eddy, which sets in around South street wharf.

## Death of Joaquin, the Robber.

The San Francisco Herald of the 4th of August contains the following:

"Messrs. Black and Nutall, of Harry Love's Rangers, arrived in this city from Stockton yesterday, bringing with them the head of this renowned bandit, whose countless deeds of blood have earned for him a name unparalleled in the history of crime. The astonishin' celerity of his movements and the number and repine over a vast extent of territory, have given rise to so many reports of his presence, at the same time, in different parts of the country, sometimes far distant from each other, that many persons have come to regard him as a creature of imagination—a myth—to whom the evil deeds of many real malefactors have been erroneously attributed. Even since his capture, rumors have come of his being in the southern counties of this State, carrying on his usu-

## Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - - 15  
For each subsequent insertion, - - - 25  
For half column 6 months, - - - \$14  
" " " 12 months, - - - 18  
For whole column 6 months, - - - 18  
" " " 12 months, - - - 22

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of time for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

al system of wholesale butchery and robbery. But Messrs. Black and Nutall bring with them affidavits and certificates from persons who know him well, which leave no doubt of the identity of the horrid evidence of his death. As soon as a suitable place for the purpose can be procured, the dead and the proof of its identity will be exhibited to the public, in order that all may see and judge for themselves. The present object of the rangers is to obtain the rewards which have been offered all over the country for the capture or death of this dreaded villain, and which they have so well earned by the hardships and dangers they have undergone in pursuing him into his mountain fastnesses; in the midst of his desperate gang, and the gallantry they displayed in the conflict in which he expired his horrid deeds by an awful death. The particulars of his pursuit and capture have already been published throughout the country, and are doubtless familiar to all.

The head itself is in a complete state of preservation, and bears the impress of his character in every feature and lineament. It is that of a man about middle size, apparently between twenty and twenty-five years of age. The forehead is high and well developed, the cheek bones elevated and prominent, and the mouth indicative at once of sensuality, cruelty and firmness. The hair of a beautiful light brown with a golden tint—is long and flowing; the nose high and straight, and the eyebrows, which meet in the middle, dark and heavy. The eyes, now closed in death, are said to have been dark blue, with a keen, restless glance, and when excited a glare of ferocity like that of an infuriated tiger. The face tapers off to the chin, upon which, and on the upper lip there is a thin beard, like that of a young man who has never shaved. Under his right eye there is a small scar, the mark no doubt, of some desperate conflict. The death of this monster is an occasion for general rejoicing, and all honor is due to the noble fellows who have rid the State of so terrible a scourge.

## New Arrivals.

### JUST RECEIVED.

### A Large and Splendid Assortment of FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.

L. A. SPALDING & CO.,

WOULD respectfully announce to their friends and the public generally, that they are now receiving and opening a splendid stock of FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS, of the very latest importations. The stock to which we wish to call the attention of our customers has been selected with great care and consists in

All the varieties of Ladies' wear, such as Silks, Minoes, DeDaines, Cashmiers, Prints, &c., &c.

Also, every variety of Gentlemen's goods, such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets vestings, Tailor's Trimmings, together with a large stock of

### READY MADE CLOTHING.

All of which we offer upon the most reasonable terms. Give us a call before filling out your bills.

N. B. We take, as usual, all kinds of country produce in exchange for goods, at the market price. Sep 23rd

### NEW FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS, AT WHOLESALE.

### REMOVAL.

T. & E. SLEVIN

BEG leave to inform their customers and Western and Southern merchants generally who lay in supplies in Louisville that they have removed to their new and spaelous five story stone front house, Main street, opposite the Louisville Hotel where they are now receiving an extensive and well selected stock, comprising most kinds of Foreign and American

### FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.

In part as follows: Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, DeLaines, Lustors, Cashmiers, Silks, Barages, Velvets, Prints, Ticks, Drills, Kerseys, Sheetings and Shirtings, Osnabergs, Flannels, Blankets, Gingham, Linens, Table-Cloths, Linen, Girdles, Laces, Ribbons, Small Wares, &c. They will be in duty receipt of fresh additions of the newest and latest styles of Goods, all of which they offer on the most reasonable terms, and will take great pleasure in showing to all those who will give them a call.

Sept 28, 29.

SAMUEL CARPENTER. S. CARPENTER, JR.

### SAMUEL CARPENTER & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bardstown, Ky;

WILL practice in Nelson, and the surrounding Counties, and the Court of Appeals. All business entrusted to their care, will be promptly attended to. Sept. 28/53.

### MISS M. M. HOGUE'S SCHOOL,

For Misses and Small Boys.

WILL open in the Female Seminary on the 4th Monday in this month.

Terms per session—six, eight, ten and twelve dollars, according to the studies pursued. Fuel extra.

LEBANON, Sept. 12, 1853.

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ENVELOPES of every quality and price on hand and for sale, at the Printing



